

a flower for him by orphan_account

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Summary:

will loves flowers. he picks them each year, giving one to each of his friends. this time, he has a special plan to confess to mike while giving mike his.

a flower for him

Will sat his back against a lonesome tree, a flower in his hand. During this time of year flowers grew absolutely everywhere, beautifully scattered all across town. He'd watch them slowly grow a little bit each day when he would ride his bike home, watching as the small buds blossomed into strong flowers within weeks. They would grow in this spot more than others, which is why it was his favorite place to stay when the sun would shine like it did on those days.

Will adored the flowers. He would pick them, keeping them for himself to press or to give to his friends. Some people might have thought it was odd that he gave them flowers; it was usually a romantic gesture, but Will looked around, observing the different kinds of flowers. There was a small variety, he had to choose some to take home again. He didn't like taking many from one spot; he hated picking all of them away. He slowly chose a purple one, a yellow one, and a white one. He had some chosen at home already; he had a red one for Max, a blue one for Dustin and another blue one for Lucas. He planned to give the yellow one to Eleven, the white one to his mom, and the purple to Mike. He grabbed a few extra small ones as well.

He usually just handed over the flowers before, after school or during lunch, but this time, he had a plan. Well, a plan for Mike. A plan to finally confess his feelings. The rest of the party knew of his plan; he'd talked to them about it, being afraid it was silly or too cheesy. They all agreed that it was cheesy as hell, but cute. He planned to give the rest their flowers normally, but act as if he had forgotten Mike's. He planned to do something special with his.

The next day, he got all of his flowers ready and packed up his book bag to bike to school. He was nervous; what if he didn't feel the same way? He shook his head, trying to shrug off the thought. He couldn't do this if he was worrying about it all day; he had to play it cool.

When he got to school he immediately spotted his group of friends, smiling and waving to them as he joined them. He smiled a bit nervously to Max, where Mike couldn't see, gaining a reassuring smile back. They all greeted him, saying their hellos.

“Hey guys! I have something for you all,” Will took out the flowers and displayed them for everyone to see, everyone smiling.

“Hell yeah! Which one is mine?” Dustin said as Will handed him a blue one which he gladly took, “thanks man!”

Will handed out the others, getting more smiles and thank-yous. Once he lastly handed Eleven’s hers, he watched as she put it in her short hair and then quickly said, “I’ve gotta do something before class, I’ll see you guys later!” Will then scurried off in another direction, leaving Mike flower-less.

Mike watched him run off with a confused look on his face before turning to the others, “did he forget mine?”

Lucas shrugged, “he must have. He looked like he in a hurry.”

Dustin nodded and patted his shoulder, seeing the distress in his face, “yeah, don’t worry about it, man. I’m sure he’ll give one to you at lunch time.”

“I hope so...”

So lunch time came, and Will doing his best to avoid Mike. It was hard considering they were usually together, well, pretty much all of the time. When they were together Will would try his best to avoid eye contact or try and keep the conversation as far away from flowers as possible.

Mike had obviously had enough. He wanted to know why he didn’t get a damn flower! He was *this* close to confronting him when Will suddenly got up, leaving the table saying that he yet again had to do something.

“Ugh! What the hell!” Mike groaned in his hands, “Do I not deserve to get a flower? Did I do something wrong?”

Eleven smiled sweetly at him, knowing what Will was doing, “just ask him when he comes back. I’m sure he’s just forgotten.”

“How did he forget about me?! I’m his best friend! And i was *just* about to ask him but then he left again...”

"I'm sure he just-"

"You know what? No! I'm gonna go find him," he got up suddenly, his chair almost flying from out under him. He ran off despite the rest of the party's protests.

Mike ran through the halls, stomping angrily as he walked. He couldn't believe Will forgot about him! His best friend! He stood right in front of everyone, all smiley as he handed out their flowers and just flat out ignored him. He didn't even look at him! He never thought he'd be so upset about not having a flower before, but here he was, fuming.

Eventually he walked to his locker during his search, spotting the smaller boy in front of it.

"Will! What are you-"

He stopped in his tracks at what he saw.

Will had taped a purple flower onto his locker with cute, colorful tape. There were smaller flowers surrounding them, too. There were a few petals decorated onto it as well. Above the flowers were the words 'I love you' obviously written in Will's neat handwriting.

Will jumped when seeing him, "y-you weren't supposed to see this until later..." It was obvious he was nervous. His face was a deep red and he was fidgeting with his hands, waiting for a response.

Mike was speechless. He thought he had forgotten all about him, that he was just ignoring him. He was ready to yell at him the moment he saw him, but now...he just wanted to hug him. This was the last thing he'd expected to see, but it wasn't bad. It was great. He could barely believe what he was seeing; Will was confessing to him. Will loved him.

"You...you did this?"

Yeah..."

"So that's why you didn't give me a flower...I-I thought you were trying to hint that you hated me now or something," he laughed in

relief.

“No, I could never hate you! You're my best friend...”

“I was still scared,” Mike walked closer to the locker, plucking the flower from the locker. He smiled at it and turned to Will. Will watched closely at what he was doing, anxiety bubbling up in his stomach. He could easily crush the flower and his heart at the same time right then and there.

Mike moved toward him, gently placing the flower in Will's hair. Will blushed as he looked up at him, hoping he would say something.

“I love you too, Will.”

A smile danced on Will's lips as soon as he heard those words, the boy felt so happy he could cry. He reached over to Mike, wrapping his arms around him tightly in a hug, melting into it even more when he felt Mike hug back.

“I'm so glad...”

Mike ran his hand through Will's hair, hugging him tighter as he spoke softly, “I am too, Will. I am too.”